54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

237
714
539
778
719

Buffalo Shield

Saturday, September 22

122 Our hero was wrenched from the fitful embrace of Morpheus (and morphemes) by his adoptive Indian brother and erstwhile buddy, James S. (for Sammy) White Calf, who, while attempting to introduce some warmth into the living-room, had persuaded the old Simmons stove to give out with a series of unearthly clanks à la Marley's ghost.

Joe Kicking-A-Woman came by and had breakfast coffee with us. We offered him food but he refused it, saying, "I already." Joe and Jim went off together after wood, and I did some typing. Later in the morning, with the Chief—who apparently didn't get much rest last night—asleep on the sofa, I put a few extra blocks in the stove and went to town to pick up the mail and to leave a change of address. The weather had cleared by now, and the day had decided to turn relatively clear and mild. On the way back, I stopped for a moment to say good-bye to Jim White Grass. I met practically everybody else in town, shopping. Am nearly broke now, but spent a precious $.97 on cough syrup for the Chief. The Chief's own cold